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ILLUSTRATED MEMOIRS OF OUR EARLY ACTORS.

(Continued from p. 35.)

No. IV.

RICHARD BURBAGE.

It has been confidently asserted by various writers, that acting has gradually declined from the time of Shakspeare; nay, some have gone so far as to declare that the art is lost. Burbage, Lowin, Taylor, and Kempe, are said to have as much surpassed Hart, Lacy, Mohun, Shatteral, and Clun, who succeeded, as they did Betterton and the actors of his time. Without altogether agreeing to the above assertion, there is every reason to suppose that the early actors were deservedly celebrated. Good writing demands good acting; and where shall we find such natural, powerful, and original delineation of character as in the works of Shakspeare, Massinger, Ford, Jonson, and Chapman? Indeed, it is proved beyond contradiction by some passages in *Hamlet*, that our early tragic actors must have evinced a surprising degree of talent; foremost of these in the rank of fame stands Richard Burbage, who is well known to have been the original performer of *Richard the Third*. He was the principal proprietor of the Globe* and Blackfriars' play-houses, the actors of which were styled Burbage's company; and, we believe, he was the first player who ever received a regular license. In the primary theatrical entertainments, the actors were subject to the authority of the Lord Chamberlain, as general superintendent of the amusements of the court. Henry VIII. however, gave a predominant importance to masques, music, plays, and pageants, by the appointment of a special officer, called the Master of the Revels, for their superintendence. Elizabeth extended his jurisdiction; and when she granted the license to Burbage and others, in 1574, for the exhibition of plays of every sort, the proviso was inserted, "they being before seen, and allowed by the master of the revels." In addition to Richard, we have reason to suppose Burbage was the original enactor of *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Lear*; indeed, his name is at the head of the list of all the old tragedies. In an old

* The Globe was a summer, and the Blackfriars' a winter, theatre. All Shakspeare's dramas were performed at these two houses.

play, *The Return from Parnassus*, he is introduced in person, and instructs a Cambridge scholar how to perform *Richard the Third*; and in Corbet's poems, some highly complimentary lines appear on his representation of that character, which has ever been considered as the touch-stone of good acting.

In 1603, James the First granted a license to Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, and others, constituting them his servants, confirming them in the possession of their usual house, the Globe, and authorized their exhibition of every variety of dramatic entertainment, in all suitable places throughout his dominions. We learn from Camden (who styles him *Alter Roscius*) that our actor died in 1619. Davies conjectures he was of a slight figure, and thinks that Ben Jonson alludes to him in his *Poetaster*, when he speaks of the "lean Poluphagus." His features, our readers are enabled to judge for themselves. His character is thus drawn by Flecknoc, in his *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664:—"He was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself with his cloaths, as he never (so much as in the tyring house) assumed himself again until the play was done. He had all the parts of an excellent orator, animating his words, speaking, and speech with action; his auditors were never more delighted than when he spake, nor more sorry than when he held his peace; yet even then he was an excellent actor still, never falling in his part when he had done speaking, but with his looks and gesture maintaining it still unto the height."

Perhaps the following quaint description of the manners and customs of the players of the time in which Burbage flourished, will not form an uninteresting conclusion to his memoir. We have extracted it from a curious old work, called "*London and the Country Carbonadoed*, by D. Lupton, 1602.

"Time, place, subject, actors, and cloathes, either make or marr a play; the prologue and epilogue are like to an host and hostesse, one bidding their guests welcome, the other bidding them farewell: the actors are like seruing men, that bring in the sceanes and acts as their meate, which are lik'd or dislik'd, according to eury man's iudgment; the neatest drest, and fairest deliuered, doth please most. They are as crafty with an olde play, as bauds with olde faces; the one puts on a new fresh colour, the other a new face and name; they practice a strange order, for most commonly the wisest man is the foole; they are much beholden to schollers that are out of meanes, for they sell them ware the cheapest: they have no great reason to loue *Puritans*,* for they hold their calling vnlawful. New playes and new cloathes many times help bad actions; they pray the company that's in, to hear them patiently, yet they would not suffer them to come in without payment: they say, as schollers now vse to say, there are so many, that one fox could find in his heart to eate his fellow. A player often changes: now he acts a monarch, to morrow a beggar: now a souldier, next a taylor: his speech is loud, but neuer extempore; he seldom speakes his own minde, or in his own name: when men are heere, and when at church, they are of contrary mindes;

* If the reader substitutes Methodists for Puritans, we think he will find the description perfectly appropriate, with one exception, to the actors of the present day.

there they think the time too long, but here too short. Most commonly when the play is done, you shall have a jigge or dance of all trades; they mean to put their legs to it, as well as their tongs: they make men wonder when they have done, for they all clappe their hands. *Sometimes they flye into the countrey*; but 'tis a suspicion that they are either poore, or want cloathes, or else company, or a new play; or do as some wand'ring sermonists, make one sermon trauaile, and serue twenty churches. All their care is to be like apes, to immitate and expresse other men's actions in their own persons: they loue not the company of geese or serpents, because of their hissing; *they are many times lowzy*, its strange, and yet shift so often. As an alehouse in the country is beholden to a wilde schoolmaster, so is an whoorehouse to some of these, for there they spend all they get. Well, I like them well, if when they act vice they will leave it, and when virtue, they will follow it. I speak no more of them, but, when I please, I will go and see them."

MEMOIR OF MRS. GARRICK.

(Continued from page 5.)

THE retirement in which the latter years of her life were spent did not prevent the entertainment of her particular friends, so long as her health permitted; and until a few days previous to her decease, (which took place on the 16th of October, 1822, at her house in the Adelphi,) it was manifest that she had neither lost the relish for conversational intercourse, nor her memory for the supply of her share of agreeable objects to maintain it. She was constant in the discharge of her religious duties as a member of the Roman Catholic church; and the habitual cheerfulness of her disposition was ever influenced by that complete resignation to the Divine will, with which she contemplated the period of her dissolution.

For the honour of the drama, and highly to the credit of the sub-committee of Drury Lane theatre, when it was let to Mr. Elliston, an especial clause was inserted in the lease, guaranteeing to Mrs. Garrick, for life, the uncontrolled possession of her box, without any consideration whatever.

It has been stated, that about a month before her death, Mrs. Garrick visited Westminster; and addressing the clergyman who attended her, she said, "I suppose there is not room enough for me to be laid by the side of my dear David?" The clergyman assured her that there would be room enough. She then said, with an air of pleasantry, "I wish to know, not that I think I am likely soon to require it, for I am yet a *mere girl*, but only for the satisfaction of my feelings against the time when I must submit to the will of Heaven."

We have heard, that in the character of the late Mrs. Garrick there was a singular mixture of parsimony and liberality. She has been known to give fifty pounds at one time to the poor at Hampton, and on the instant deny herself the common comforts of life. Her wine-cellar she did not open for years together, and a dish of tea was the usual extent of her hospitality. She always stated herself to be poor, as an apology for the ruinous condition in which the house and offices at Hampton remained. To save fuel and secure herself from damp, a room in the attic served "for parlour, for kitchen, and hall." She kept one female servant at Hampton, who resided with her many years: and to compensate the poor woman and a numerous family (for her wages were small indeed) the house and grounds were shown to visitors unknown to the old lady. The furniture of the house at Hampton was exactly as it was left by Garrick; and, except the curious old china and the paintings, worth very little. The chairs, sofas, and chandeliers in the drawing-room (the fashion of the times in which

Garrick lived,) were unworthy a common tavern of the present day. There were several portraits of Mrs. Garrick in different apartments, taken when young, by which it would seem her appearance was then extremely fascinating; but age sadly dilapidates the human countenance, as Mr. Cruickshank's admirable drawing clearly proves. Mrs. Garrick's greatest pride was (when health would permit) in promenading her picturesque grounds, and explaining with enthusiastic delight the age and date of each tall tree, planted by herself and Mr. Garrick.—We believe there is not another instance of a person living to witness so many noble trees grow from saplings to complete maturity, in the lifetime of the proprietor and occupant. During the summer months she would indulge in an occasional walk on the lawn and terrace, on the banks of the Thames, at the end of which Garrick built the mausoleum for the statue of Shakspeare, and the celebrated chair; here Mrs. Garrick would sip her tea, and, in the society of one female or so, recount the pleasures she enjoyed in the same place, in the society and conversation of her husband, and their noble and learned guests.

Though Garrick cordially loved his wife, he was anxious, that after his death she should not only continue a widow, but remain in this country; his will contains many severe restrictions on these points. In case she married or went abroad, she was not only to be deprived of one-third of her income, but entirely of the houses and furniture both at Hampton and on the Adelphi Terrace. After the death of Garrick, the father of Mr. Evans, the bookseller, in Pall-mall, a great friend of Garrick's, was called upon by the executors to value the library, all of which remained except the old plays; they are in the British Museum. The entire property consisted of the mansion, grounds, furniture, library, and various tenements at Hampton, and the house, furniture, and library, on the Adelphi Terrace. Notwithstanding Mrs. Garrick's constant complaint about her poverty, and the narrowness and inadequacy of her income, she left nearly seventy thousand pounds behind her. She was a rigid Catholic; and, when at Hampton, if health and the weather permitted, used to attend the chapel at Isleworth on a Sunday.

The rich and extensive stores in the libraries of Garrick at Hampton, and on the Adelphi Terrace, were constantly made to contribute to the entertainment and edification of Mrs. Garrick. She regularly read for several hours a-day, during the subsequent period of her existence, never less than four hours each day, even when the weather permitted her to leave home for a journey to Hampton, or for an airing in her chariot; and when her impaired sight would not enable her to read with comfort to herself, during the last three or four years of her life, she regularly had her servant to read to her for at least four hours, and for six hours on those days on which she was unable, on account of the unfitness of the weather, to leave her residence.

Mrs. Garrick was a lady of what may be termed an indefatigable character, and one whose merits have been unworthily depreciated; not that such depreciation will carry much weight with it, since Garrick himself, notwithstanding his boundless taste and generosity,—a generosity and taste that caused tears to mantle in the eyes, and an indignant energy to mark the countenances of those who live, and who knew David Garrick,—even he was not suffered to escape from the opprobrium which the charge of meanness is sure to affix to character, especially celebrated character. Such was Mrs. Garrick's indefatigable energy, that during the last season she went to the theatres four times, and sometimes oftener, during the week; besides the invariable course of reading, taking the air, visiting Hampton, &c., already mentioned. On the day on which she died, Mrs. Garrick had made arrangements to go to Drury Lane theatre, to be present at its opening. In the morning of that day she was very well; shortly afterwards, however, she was taken ill, and was soon a corpse. But it has been erroneously stated that Mrs. Garrick died in the sheets in which her revered husband had expired. She had always guarded them, it is true, with religious care; and had frequently said that it was her wish to die in the sheets in which her "dear David" had breathed his last; but such was the suddenness of her indisposition.

that there was not the opportunity of complying with her affectionate wish. Mr. Carr, the solicitor, of John-street, Bedford-row, who was well acquainted with Mrs. Garrick, and her intimate thoughts and particular wishes, on coming to town after Mrs. Garrick's decease, caused her remains to be laid on those carefully-treasured sheets. Her wish to be buried in Westminster Abbey was also earnestly attended to; but at one time it was thought that it could not be complied with, owing to Mrs. Garrick being a Catholic, and to the reluctance to consent to a female being buried in the abbey, except she should be of the Royal Family, or celebrated for her literary talents; and the Dean of Westminster's permission was obtained only on the Thursday preceding the Friday morning on which Mrs. Garrick was buried. Mrs. Garrick's coffin was placed in the vault above that of her deceased husband.

That portion of the Thames which is immediately in front of the Shakspeare Temple lawn, appears to be in great favour with anglers, and these patient gentlemen will probably recollect two stately willows on the lawn at Hampton, rendered sacred by the temple appropriated to Shakspeare: they were planted by Garrick: and in the midst of a violent storm, which proved fatal to one of them, Mrs. Garrick was seen running about the grounds in the wildest disorder—"like Niobe, all tears," exclaiming—"Oh, my Garrick! my Garrick!"

Mrs. Garrick's letter of remonstrance against Kean's Abel Druggier was brief:—"Dear Sir, you don't know how to play Abel Druggier." His reply deserves also to be recorded, and placed to the credit of his gallantry:—"Dear Madam, I know it."

It would be an injustice to the memory of Mrs. Garrick, who has been accused of extreme parsimony, to conceal that she distributed among her near relatives, some time before her death, the greater part of the savings out of her yearly income since the death of her husband, amounting to upwards of twelve thousand pounds.

MRS. GARRICK'S WILL.

She bequeathed to Mrs. Siddons a pair of gloves, which were Shakspeare's, and were presented to her late dear husband during the Jubilee at Stratford, by one of her (Mrs. S.'s) family.

To the Theatrical Fund of Drury Lane Theatre, two hundred pounds.

To Hannah Moore, one hundred pounds.

To Christopher Garrick, her nephew, the gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, given to her late husband by the King of Denmark.

To Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, the snuff-box given to her late husband by the Duke of Parma.

To her nephew, Christopher Garrick, and his wife, all the plate which was bought upon her marriage; also a service of *pewter*, which her husband used when a bachelor, bearing the name of Garrick, with a wish that the same should always remain with the head of the family; also the picture of her husband in the character of Richard the Third, which was purchased by her after her husband's decease.

To Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, a portrait painted by Zoffani, of her husband without a wig, which she bought after his decease, of Mrs. Bradshaw, to whom it had been given as a present.

To Dowager Lady Amherst, her ring set with diamonds, having King Charles's oak in it, and a small gold box used for keeping black sticking-plaster.

To Lady Anson, wife of Sir William Anson, her dejeuner set of Dresden porcelain; and to Sir William Anson her gold antique cameo ring.

To the St. George's Hospital, Middlesex ditto, Lying-in ditto, Magdalen ditto, Refuge for the Destitute, and Society for the Indigent Blind, one hundred pounds each.

To the London Orphan Society, fifty pounds.

Three hundred pounds to be invested in the name of the Vicar of Hampton for the time being, and the interest expended in a supply of coals for the poor of the parish.

To Archdeacon Pott two hundred pounds, towards the education of the poor children of St. Martin's parish.

To the Rev. Mr. Archer, minister of the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Warwick-street, one hundred pounds; and a farther sum of one hundred pounds for the education of the charity children of Warwick-street Chapel. There are innumerable other legacies of articles of plate, jewels, linen, &c., and money to a considerable amount, but of no material public interest. Her executors are the Rev. Thomas Racket and Frederick Beltz, Esq. To the former she leaves books and prints to the value of one hundred pounds; and to the latter, fifty pounds in books and prints, and one hundred pounds in money. After discharging the numerous legacies, her debts and funeral expenses, Mrs. Garrick directs the residue of her estate, including a bond for six thousand pounds due from the late and present Duke of Devonshire to the late Mr. Garrick, to be converted into cash, and afterwards vested in Austrian securities, for her niece Elizabeth de Saar, wife of Peter de Saar, of Vienna, for her sole use and benefit during her life, and after her death to her grandchildren.

NOTICES OF THE LIVES AND WRITINGS OF OUR EARLY DRAMATISTS.

(Continued from page 43.)

ROBERT GREENE, M. A.

THIS author was born at Norwich, in the middle of the sixteenth century, and had a liberal education. He was first of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A., in 1578. He afterwards removed to Clare-Hall; and, in 1583, became M. A. Immediately after this event he visited the metropolis, where he led a life of unrestrained debauchery. Greene was one of those men who are perpetually sinning and perpetually repenting; he had a large share of wit, humour, fancy, generosity, and good nature, but was totally deficient in that strength of mind which is necessary to resist temptation; he was conscious too of his great abilities, but, at the same time, deeply conscious of the waste of talent which had been committed to his care. When we find, therefore, that he was intended for the church, and that he was actually presented to the vicarage of Tollisbury, in Essex, on the 19th of June, 1584, we may easily conceive how a man of his temperament and habits would feel and act; he resigned it, in fact, the following year, no doubt shocked at the disparity between his profession and conduct.

It was shortly after this period that he married; and if any thing could have saved Greene from himself, this was the expedient; for the lady he had chosen was beautiful in her person, as well as amiable and moral in her life. The result of the experiment, however, must lacerate the feelings of all who hear it; for it exhibits, in a manner never to be surpassed, the best emotions of our nature withering before the touch of dissipation. The picture is taken from a pamphlet of our author's, entitled, *Never too Late*, printed in 1590, where his career is admirably and confessedly shadowed forth, under the character of the *Palmer Francesco*. It would appear from this striking narrative, that he married his wife contrary to the wishes of her father, that their pecuniary distress was great, but that prudence

and affection had enabled them to realize the following scene of domestic felicity.

"Hee and Isabel joyntly together, taking themselves to a little cottage, began to be as Ciceronical as they were amorous, with their hands thrift, coveting to satisfy their hearts' thirst, and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loves; so that the parish wherein they lived, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very mirrors of methode; for he being a scholar and nurst up in the universities, resolved rather to live by his wit, than any way to be pinch'd with want, thinking this old sentence to be true, '*The wishers and woulders were ne'er good householders*;' therefore, he applied himself in teaching of a school, where, by his industry, he had not only great favour, but gate wealth to withstand fortune. Isabel, that shee might seem no lesse profitable than her husband careful, fell to her needle, and with her worke, sought to prevent the injurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to maintain their loves, being as busie as bees, and as true as turtles, as desirous to satisfy the world with their desert, as to feed the humours of their own desires. Living thus in a league of united virtues, out of this mutuall concord of conformed perfection, they had a sonne answerable to their own proportion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifying of their affection. Fortune and love thus joyning in league, to make these parties to forgett the stormes that had nipped the blossom of their former yeeres."

In the year 1586, and notwithstanding all these inducements to a moral and rational life, he abandoned this amiable woman and her son to revel in all the indulgences of the metropolis. By his licentious and expensive habits, his property was dissipated, and he was reduced to the necessity of writing for a subsistence. It is almost without parallel, that during the remainder of Greene's life, including only six years, he was continually groaning with anguish and repentance, yet continually plunging into fresh guilt; that in his various tracts he was confessing his sins with the deepest contrition, passionately apostrophizing his injured wife, imploring her forgiveness in the most pathetic terms, and describing in language the most touching and impressive, the virtue of her whom he had so basely deserted. He tells us, under the beautifully drawn character of Isabel (by whom he represents his wife), that upon her being told of his intended residence in London, and of the attachment which fixed him there, she would not at first credit the tale, but when convinced, she hid her face, and inwardly smothered her sorrows, yet grieving at his follies, though unwilling to hear him censured by others; and at length endeavouring to solace her affliction, by repeating to her cithern some applicable verses from the Italian of Ariosto. He then adds, that she subsequently hinted her knowledge of his amours, in a letter, saying, "The only comfort that I have in thine absence is the child who lies on his mother's knee, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a wooer. But when the boy says '*Mam, where is my Dad?*' when will he come home?" then the calm of my content turneth to a present storm of piercing sorrow, that I am forced sometime to say, Unkind Francisco, that forgets his Isabel!—I hope, Francisco, it is thine affairs, not my fault that procured this long delay."

The following pathetic song seems to have been suggested to Greene by the scene just described, and is a further proof of the singular disparity subsisting between his conduct and feelings.

"BY A MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

"Weepe not my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art olde there 's grief enough for thee.
 Mother's wagge, prettie boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy;
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe,
 Fortune changed made him so,
 When he left his prettie boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.

"Weepe not my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there 's grief enough for thee.
 Streaming tears, that never stint,
 Like pearle-drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eies,
 That one another's place supplies.
 Thus he griev'd in every part,
 Teares of bloud fell from his heart,
 When he left his prettie boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

"Weepe not my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there 's grief enough for thee.
 The wanton smil'd, father wept,
 Mother cried, babie lept;
 Now he crow'd, more he cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide:
 He must goe, he must kisse
 Childe and mother, babie blesse,
 For he left his prettie boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weepe not my wanton, smile upon my knee,
 When thou art old there 's grief enough for thee.

In the meantime he pursued his career of debauchery in town, while his forsaken wife retired into Lincolnshire. The following parting letter to her indicates a deep feeling of contrition and remorse:—

"The remembrance of many wrongs offered to thee, and thy unreprieved virtues, add greater sorrow to my miserable state than I can utter, or thou conceive; neither is it lessened by consideration of thy absence, (though shame would let me hardly behold thy face) but exceedingly aggravated, for that I cannot as I ought to thy ownself reconcile myself, that thou might'st witness my inward woe at this instant, that hath made thee a woful wife for so long a time. But equal heaven has denied that comfort, giving at my last need, like succour as I have sought all my life, being in this extremity as void of help as thou hast been of hope. Reason would that after so long waste, I should not send thee a child to bring thee charge; but consider he is the fruit of thy womb, in whose face regard not the father, so much as thy own perfections: he is yet green and may grow straight, if he be careful tended, otherwise apt enough to follow his father's folly. That I have offended thee highly, I know; that thou canst forgive my injuries, I hardly believe; yet I persuade myself, that if thou sawest my wretched estate, thou could'st not but lament it; nay, certainly I know thou would'st. All thy wrongs muster themselves about me, and every evil at once plagues me, for my contempt of God. I am contemned of men; for my swearing and forswearing, no man will believe me; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my

gluttony, I suffer hunger; for my adultery, severe pains. Thus God has cast me down that I might be humbled and punished for example of others; and though he suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet I trust in the world to come, to find mercy by the merits of my Saviour, to whom I commend thee, and commit my soul.

"Thy repentant husband, for his disloyalty,
"ROBERT GREENE."*

Greene continued to indulge, with few interruptions, his vicious course, until a death, too accordant with the dissipated tissue of his life, closed the melancholy scene. He died in 1592, of a surfeit, occasioned by eating too great a quantity of pickled herrings, and drinking Rhenish wine with them.†

Although Greene wrote several plays, yet there are but few which are particularly worthy of notice. *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bengay*, (published in 1594), is generally considered his best production, and on that account we have selected it. It is founded on the popular subject of the magic skill of Friar Bacon; but the supernatural parts of this play are vastly inferior in power to the *Dr. Faustus* of his contemporary Marlowe, whom we shall have occasion to notice hereafter. The incidents are as follow:—

"Prince Edward (afterwards Edward I.) having, whilst hunting in Suffolk, become enamoured of Margaret, the daughter of one of his father's keepers, celebrated through the country for her beauty, sends Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in the disguise of a farmer, to court her for him. Lacy himself falls in love with the maid, and she at the same time regards him with a favourable eye. Meanwhile, the prince, doubtful of the success of Lacy's mission, resorts to the famous Friar Bacon, at Oxford; who, by the power of his art, makes the Earl and Margaret palpable to the vision of the prince, who beholds them at the moment they are about to be united by Friar Bengay, who, spell-bound by Bacon, suddenly becomes speechless, and is whisked off to Oxford by one of Bacon's spirits. The prince hastens to Fresingfield, to revenge himself on his faithless courtier, to whom however he becomes reconciled, and consents to his marriage with Margaret."

Description of Margaret.

— I tell thee, Lacie, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet Love's alluring fire:
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden haire;
Her bashful white, mixt with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheekes;
Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence:
Her teeth are shelves of pretious Margarites,
Richly enclos'd with ruddie curroll cleues.
Tush, Lacie, she is beautie's over-match,
If thou survaist her curious imagerie.

* See Theoph. Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, Vol. i. p. 89. We must, however, observe that this letter is pronounced a forgery, (in Nash's *Apologie of Pierce Penilesse*, 1593) but upon no good foundation.

† Wood's *Fasti*, Vol. i. p. 137. For a further and more comprehensive account of the life and writings of Greene, see the *Biographia Dramatica*, Vol. i. and *Shakespeare and his Times*, published in 1817 by Dr. Drake, 2 Vols. 4to. Cadell and Davies, London.

EDWARD yields to LACY his claim to the Maid of Fresingfield.

Edw. I tell thee, Peggie, I will have thy love ;
Edward, or none, shall conquer Margret.
In frigats bottom'd with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stem'd and incast with burnisht ivorie,
And overlaid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To daunce lavoltas in the purple streames.
Sirens with harpes and silver psalteries
Shall waight with musicke at thy frigate's stem,
And entertain fair Margret with their laies.
England, and England's wealth shall wait on thee,
Britaine shall bend unto her prince's love,
And doe due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margret.

Marg. Pardon, my lord, if Jove's great roialtie
Send me such presents as to Danaë;
If Phœbus, tied in Latona's webs,
Came courting from the beautie of his lodge,
The dulcet tunes of frolicke Mercurie,
Not all the wealth heaven's treasure affords,
Should make me leave lord Lacie or his love.

Edw. I have learn'd at Oxford, then, this point of schooles,
Abbata causa, tollitur effectus.
Lacie the cause that Margret cannot love,
Nor fix her liking on the English prince !
Take him away, and then effects will faile.
Villaine ! prepare thyself, for I will bathe
My poinard in the bosom of an earle.

Lacie. Rather than live, and misse fair Margret's love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doome,
But stabb it home, and both my loves and life.

Marg. Brave Prince of Wales, honour'd for royal deeds,
'Twere sinne to staine faire Venus' courts with blood ;
Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesie.
Spare Lacie, gentle Edward, let me die ;
For so both you and he doe cease your loves.

Edw. Lacie shall die as traitor to his lord.

Lacie. I have deserv'd it ; Edward, act it well.

Marg. What hopes the prince to gaine by Lacie's death ?

Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margret.

Marg. Why, thinks King Henrie's sonne that Margret's love
Hangs in the uncertaine ballance of proud time,
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts ?
No, stab the earle, and, 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the loftie east,
Margret will meet her Lacie in the heavens.

Lacie. If ought betides to lovely Margret
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europe's rich wealth, nor England's monarchie,
Should not allure Lacie to outlive ;
Then, Edward, short my life and end her love.

Marg. Rid me, and keepe a friend worthe many loves.

Lacie. Nay, Edward, keepe a love worthe many friends.

Marg. And, if thy mind be such as fame hath blazed,
Then princely Edward, let us both abide
The fatal resolution of thy rage :

Banish thou fancie and embrace revenge,
And in one tombe knit both our carkases,
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.

Edw. Edward, art thou that famous Prince of Wales
Who, at Damasco, beat the Saracens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy launce's point?
And shall thy plumes be pull'd by Venus down?
Is it princely to dissever lovers' leagues,
To part such friends as glorie in their loves?
Leave, Ned, and make a vertue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacie in their loves;
So in subduing fancie's passion,
Conquering thyself, thou get'st the richest spoile.
Lacie, rise up; fair Peggie, heere's my hand,
The Prince of Wales hath conquer'd all his thoughts,
And all his love he yeelds unto the earle;
Lacie, enjoy the maid of Fresingfield,
Make her thy Lincolne countesse at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacie. Humbly I take her of my soveraigne,
As if that Edward gave me England's right,
And richt me with the Albion diadem.

Marg. And doth the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,
And yield the title of a country maid
Unto Lord Lacie?

Edw. I will, fair Peggie, as I am true lord.

Marg. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,
Margret, as mild and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspasia unto Cyrus' selfe,
Yeelds thanks, and next Lord Lacie, doth inshrine
Edward, the second secret in her heart.

Greene's works are very numerous, and were much esteemed in his time. It must be confessed that many of his prose tracts are licentious and indecent, but there are many also whose object is useful, and whose moral is pure. They are written with great vivacity—several are remarkable for the most poignant raillery—all exhibit a glowing warmth of imagination, and many are interspersed with beautiful and highly polished specimens of his poetic powers. With respect to his dramatic productions, there are many difficulties that stand in the way of coming with any degree of certainty at a knowledge of them. Besides that already noticed, the following are undoubtedly by him:—*The History of Orlando Furioso, one of the Twelve Pieres of France*, 4to. 1594. *The Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, 4to. 1599. *The Scottish Story of James IV., slain at Flodden*, 4to. 1599. *The History of Iobe*. He also joined with Dr. Lodge, in his comedy, entitled, *A Looking-Glass for London and England*.

T. H. K.

ON THE DEGRADED CONDITION OF OUR MODERN DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

THAT the drama (while every other department of literature in this country improves, or at least retains the station it held in the times of our ancestors) keeps gradually declining, till (if it has not already) it must shortly sink as far as there can be perdition, is a fact so much lamented, so much censured, and about which so much empty declamation has been expended, that we imagine it must be difficult to obtain the reader's patient attention when treating on the subject. We, however, shall confine our observations to a very limited extent, relying on a statement of facts of so simple yet of so powerful a nature, that we hope to carry conviction to the breast of the most prejudiced admirer of the dramatic sovereigns of the day.

The present system of *dramatic* monopoly, precluding that *spirit* of emulation which leads to excellence, is the cause, and the sole cause, of our modern dramas (forgive the misnomer) being such a mass of French translations, adaptations, mutilations, dulness, nonsense, and absurdity. A certain junto of mechanical playwrights, a set of hired scribblers or manufacturers, have so engrossed the stage, that it is impossible for any new candidate to obtain a place. They have completely the ear of the managers; and as a season will only admit of a certain number of new pieces, they take care to provide from their own manufactory a sufficient quantity. Now, as the dramas they bring out are nearly all on a par with respect to quality, there cannot be much fear about their success; for, by producing nothing but trash, they politely keep each other in countenance. Indeed, we boldly assert that the most sublime or the most witty productions that ever emanated from the pen of genius would not have the slightest chance of being presented before the public tribunal, or even obtain the patient reading of the managers or directors, unless the author's pretensions were backed by interest. This is a strong and a melancholy assertion, but we can answer (though not from personal experience) that it is true. Without enlarging on this subject, we will present our readers with a list of all the new dramas produced at our four principal theatres; namely, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Haymarket, and English Opera House, during the space of two years, commencing Jan. 1, 1828, ending Dec. 31, 1829.*

TRAGEDIES.

Don Pedro—Lord Porchester, D. L.
 Serf, T.* C. G.
 Caswallon—Walker, D. L.
 Rienzi—Miss Mitford, D. L.
 Epicharis, D. L.

COMEDIES.

Merchant's Wedding—Planché, A. C. G.
 Beggar's Daughter—Knowles, D. L.
 Follies of Fashion—Lord Glengall, D. L.

FIVE-ACT DRAMA.

Woman's Love—Wade, C. G.

FARCES, INTERLUDES, THREE-ACT

DRAMAS.

Somnambulist—Pococke, T. C. G.
 Haunted Inn—Peake, D. L.
 School for Gallantry—Jones, T. D. L.
 Youthful Queen—Shannon, T. D. L.
 Home, Sweet Home!—Pococke, T. C. G.
 Soldier's Stratagem—Lacy, T. C. G.
 Battle of Pultawa—Raymond, T. C. G.
 Step Mother—Lacy, T. C. G.
 Invincibles—Morton, T. C. G.
 Widows Bewitched—Lunn, T. C. G.
 Rhyme and Reason—Lunn, T. D. L.

* T. denotes translated; A. adapted.

Charles the Twelfth — Planché, T. D. L.
 Master's Rival—Peake, T. D. L.
 Peter the Great—Morton and Kenny, T. D. L.
 All at Sixes & Sevens—Dibdin, D. L.
 My Wife! What Wife?—Poole, D. L.
 Partizans—Planché—T. D. L.
 Edward the Black Prince—Reynolds, A. D. L.
 Daughter to Marry—Planché, T. H.
 Milliners—Lacy, T. H.
 Two Friends—Lacy, T. H.
 Green-Eyed Monster—Planché, T. H.
 Miss Wright—Moncrief, E. O. H.
 Barber Baron, H.
 Valeria, T. H.
 Management—Lunn, T. H.
 Little Offspring—Peake, C. G.
 He Lies like Truth, T. E. O. H.
 Sold for a Song—Bailey, E. O. H.
 The Middle Temple, Peake, E. O. H.
 Manœuvring, Planché, T. H.
 Fatality—Miss Bowden, T. H.
 Procrastination—Payne, T. H.
 William Thompson—Miss Bowden, H.
 Happiest day of my Life—Buckstone, T. H.
 Lodgings for Single Gentlemen—Poole, T. H.
 First of May—Miss Hill, C. G.
 Snakes in the Grass, Buckstone, T. D. L.
 Shakspeare's Early Days—Somerset, C. G.

OPERAS.

Carron Side — Planché; Music by Liverati and Lee, C. G.
 Tit for Tat—Mozart, T. E. O. H.

Not for Me—T. E. O. H.
 The Pirate of Genoa — Weigel, T. E. O. H.
 Love in Wrinkles—Lacy, T. D. L.
 Casket—Lacy (Mozart) T. D. L.
 Maid of Judah—Lacy, (Rossini) T. C. G.
 Masaniello—Auber, T. D. L.
 Nymph of the Grotto—Dimond (Lee) C. G.
 Robber's Bride—Ries, T. E. O. H.
 Der Vampyr—Marchner, T. E. O. H.
 Spring Lock — Peake (Rodwell,) E. O. H.
 Night before the Wedding—Auber, T. C. G.

MELO-DRAMAS, PANTOMIMES, AND EASTER PIECES.

Dumb Savoyard — Barrymore and Thompson, D. L.
 Bottle Imp—Balls, E. O. H.
 Noyades, T. E. O. H.
 Juan's Early Days, D. L.
 Tuckitomba—Balls, C. G.
 Theirna-na-Oge—Planché, D. L.
 Devil's Elixir—Balls, C. G.
 Yelva—Bishop, C. G.
 Witch Finder—Jerrold, D. L.
 The Witness, E. O. H.
 The Sister of Charity, E. O. H.
 The Recruit, E. O. H.
 The Robber's Wife—Pococke, C. G.
 Greek Family—Raymond, D. L.
 Massaroni—Planché, T. D. L.
 Harlequin and Queen Bee, D. L.
 Harlequin and Little Red Riding Hood, C. G.
 Harlequin and Cock Robin, C. G.
 Harlequin and Jack in the Box, C. G.

Making in all seventy. If we take away the pantomimes, &c., fifty-one remain. Out of the latter the reader will observe thirty-eight were either translated or adapted from the French; so that our four principal theatres have produced, in the short space of two whole years, thirteen original dramas! Prodigious! The country which has given birth to a Jonson, a Congreve, a Massinger, a Shakspeare, and a proud list of others, who live immortal in a glorious name, and whose works are the theme of admiration, and the object for imitation for all surrounding nations, has not sufficient dramatic talent to produce more than thirteen original dramas in the space of two years! Such however, we are convinced, is not the case. There is abundance of dramatic talent in this country; though while the present disgraceful monopoly exists, it has no chance of being brought to light. But we must carry our humiliating investigation still further. Let us glance over the merits and fate of the thirteen original dramas produced at the four principal theatres in the largest city of Europe during the

space of two years: first, four tragedies, three of which the waters of oblivion have already completely overwhelmed; three comedies, one such disgusting nonsense that the audience could with difficulty be prevailed upon to hear it out; a second was patched up by Mr. Planché from two old comedies, though he modestly styles himself the author; the third was tolerably successful. The remaining dramas do not require notice.

Is it surprising, after the foregoing statement, that the proprietors of one of our patent theatres have been obliged to appeal to the charity of the public to save them from ruin, or that the lessees of the other are constantly changing? Nor is this monopoly confined to the *literature* of our drama; it reigns in every other department, especially in music. There is at this moment a person residing in the metropolis, on whose music several eminent and scientific gentlemen have passed the most flattering encomiums; and though application has been made to our dramatic sovereigns, not one of them would even so much as favour this composer with the honour of an interview, much less allow a public trial to be made of his pretensions. The person alluded to has been here upwards of two years, and has waited on all the principal singers, many of whom expressed themselves highly pleased with his compositions, and promised, in the most friendly manner, to afford him every assistance; and one *lady* wished him to make an alteration, in order that she might exhibit her *astonishing* powers by going down to G. Our readers will be indignant to hear that after the anxiety and mortification our composer suffered, not one of them would sing a note, from his being unable to comply with their avaricious and exorbitant demands: for whatever caprice or envy may exist in the green-room, singers are perfectly unanimous in one respect, that of refusing to sing a new air under twenty guineas.*

Fearful of wearying our readers, we hasten to a conclusion, earnestly inviting all true lovers of the drama to combine with us in our exertions to crush that monopoly which, if allowed much longer to exist, will render the stage as much a disgrace as it was formerly an ornament to this country: and in furtherance of this object we have resolved to appropriate a certain quantity of our pages to the use of those gentlemen whose dramas have been refused by the managers, or who have otherwise been prevented laying them before the public tribunal. The author must select his favourite scenes or passages, and if the dramas conveyed to the public through the medium of this publication should be on a par with those of Planché, Pockocke, and Lacy, we humbly entreat the manager's pardon: but if, on the other hand, the scenes should contain sterling sense, sound morality, and genuine humour, we are convinced that the public will insist on justice being done to them, and will drive the above merciless mutilators from the station they have so long usurped;—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

* The full particulars of the above strange case shall be shortly laid before our readers.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

KING'S THEATRE.

SATURDAY, February 27.—*Otello*.—*Le Carnaval de Venise*.

TUESDAY, March 2.—*La Gazza Ladra*.—*Le Carnaval de Venise*.

There was some excitement raised by the announcement of Ambrogi as the Podesta, a part which was originally written for him. He gave it a very different reading from the one it has had on these boards; more of the Tartuffe than the sly resentful lawyer which Pellegrini personates so primly. The effect was no improvement, and the execution of the music added nothing to the opinion entertained of the Signor's abilities. Ninetta is decidedly one of Blasis' best performances.

SATURDAY, March 6.—*La Cenerentola*.—*Guillaume Tell, Ballet en trois actes*.

This ballet, the first novelty of the season, is founded on Rossini's recent opera at the Academie Royale of the same name, to the music of which the story is mainly adapted. Some interpolations have been reasonably made, on account of the deficiency of light fantastic strains in the original. The overture is one which the Philharmonics, we think, will long admire. It presents some exquisite opportunities for a display of instrumental mastership, and was admirably played by the orchestra. On the whole, the ballet does credit to the theatre; the dresses and scenery are showy, the dancing and groupings good, and the getting up marked neither by parsimony nor inefficiency. The last scene of the second act, in which Tell shoots the apple from his son's head, was arranged with considerable splendour, and has always told well with the audience. But here the interest in the plot ceases, and the overthrow of the tyrant should rapidly follow; instead of which, a third act ensues, in which a rather unintelligible shipwreck, and some pretty mechanical scenery, do not sufficiently excite attention, nor compensate for an absence of lively action, which forms the prevailing sin of the whole piece. Comparisons are odious, and we shall, therefore, only observe, that *Masaniello* is still in every way the *chef d'œuvre* of M. Laporte's management. The success of *Guillaume Tell*, however, has been such as will determine him, we trust, in seeking out similar subjects for all future ballets. Mademoiselles Julia Varennes and Hullin, with Messrs. Gosselin and Perrot, carried away and deserved considerable applause.

TUESDAY, March 9.—*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.—*Guillaume Tell*.

Rossini's masterpiece was this night given with the genuine animation and humour of the Italian Buffo. Blasis' Rosina, Curioni's Almaviva, and Santini's Figaro, were performances, particularly the first and last, for which many were unprepared, and all applauded sincerely. Some new dancing was added to the finale of *Guillaume Tell* for the sake of a showy conclusion, according to the established fashion in these matters, which, however, did not improve the character of the ballet.

SATURDAY, March 13.—*Elisa e Claudio*, Opera semi-seria.—Guillaume Tell.

This opera, with us, is only a revival, having failed some years back, when Camporese was Prima Donna; it was originally produced at Milan, where it was written, at a moment when the Rossini school was at its highest popularity. Mercadante, the composer, employed all his resources, and they are not mean ones, to give effect to the characteristics of his more favoured rival. Thus we trace in *Elisa e Claudio* ever and anon, not solely the style and manner of Rossini, but his very self, whole passages and repeated movements peculiarly his own. For instance, the construction and divisions of the more prominent concerted pieces are almost identically the same as distinguish the music of *La Cenerentola*. Close as the imitation is, however, it is a clever one. The opera is agreeable, pleasantly dropped with melody, and interspersed with decided instances of musical power. Blasis as Elisa, and Donzelli as Claudio, sang with great tenderness and ability. The former had several excellent situations as an actress, to which she did full justice; her powers have certainly been under-rated. Santini, too, fully merited the praise he received, as the Count, Claudio's father, and in the exquisite duetto, "Non prego per me, ma i figli," with Blasis, fairly divided the acclamations with which it has been nightly encored.

The same pieces were repeated to good audiences until the 23d, when *La Donna del Lago* was repeated, for the purpose of introducing Madame Petralia in Malcolm, of which we shall speak in our next.

DRURY LANE.

THURSDAY, February 25.—*Past and Present*.—Masaniello.

FRIDAY, February 26.—*A Grand Selection of Ancient and Modern Music*.

SATURDAY, February 27.—*Past and Present*; Poole.—*The Brigand*.

MONDAY, March 1.—*Past and Present*.—*The Pantomime*.

MISS MORDAUNT undertook the part of *Julian* at a very short notice, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Madame Vestris. We are glad to find that the latter lady is not only an admirer, but a practical observer of our "Advice to Players"—"If you do not like a part, be sick; it will give you consequence."—Vol. I. p. 76. Miss Mordaunt played the character quite as well as the former representative; but it admits of no display of any extraordinary talent: indeed the drama is a most contemptible production, and not fit to be played as a first piece on the boards of what is termed our patent theatres. Farren's acting is excellent; but the miseries of superannuation are not a fit subject for representation. We suppose we shall next have the interior of a hospital or Bedlam exhibited.

It is reported, but we think it must be an untruth, that Mr. Poole has received 200*l.* for translating *Past and Present*. The drama is adapted quite as well, if not better, at the Coburg, and we venture to say Mr. Dibdin did not receive 30*l.* for it.

TUESDAY, March 2.—*She Stoops to Conquer*; Goldsmith.—*The Brigand*.

WEDNESDAY, March 3.—No performance.

THURSDAY, March 4.—*Past and Present*; Poole.—*Deaf as a Post*; Poole.—*The Brigand*.

FRIDAY, March 5.—*A Selection of Ancient and Modern Music*.

SATURDAY, March 6.—*Past and Present*.—*The National Guard*.—*Stanfield's Grand Diorama*.

MONDAY, March 8.—*Henry the Fifth*.—*Der Freischütz*.

One of the most complete and disgraceful failures which ever took place within the walls of a theatre occurred this evening; indeed Mr Kean, throughout the whole of the play, did not utter two lines correctly. We are at a loss to account for his motives in thus offering so gross an insult to the public. His conduct admits of no excuse; for at the final rehearsal of *Henry the Fifth*, he convinced all present how impossible it was for him to be able to perform the character. Mr. Kean was hissed throughout the major part of the first four acts; in the fifth the uproar of disapprobation and loud cries of shame were so great, that the performance was rendered mere dumb-show. Mr. Kean then stepped forward and addressed the audience.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is now many years since I had the honour to enjoy a large share of your approbation. [Applause.] You may conceive, therefore, how deeply I deplore this moment, when, for the first time, I incur your displeasure. [Cries of No, no; not the first time.]* If you wish that I should proceed, I must request your silence. For many years, give me leave to say, I have worked hard for your entertainment. [You have been well paid for it.] That very labour, and the lapse of time and circumstances, have, no doubt, had their effect upon my mind. [Why do you drink so hard? This question, from several voices in the galleries, occasioned a temporary pause. Kean afterwards proceeded.] Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel that I stand before you in a most degraded situation. [No, no!—Why do you put yourself into it?] You are my countrymen, and I appeal with confidence to that liberality which has always distinguished Englishmen."

This address was received with mingled applause and disapprobation, and Mr. Kean was allowed to mangle the remainder of the piece without interruption, and contrived to get through the last scene (the courting of the princess) in about five minutes. Mr. Wallack played the blunt soldier, Williams, very effectively. Mr. Brown's Fluellen was respectable, but it wanted humour; and without a large share of it the part is a dull affair. Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph were well sustained by Webster, Harley, and Salter: the simple yet touching description of Falstaff's death was given in a feeling and natural manner by Mrs. C. Jones. The house was not crowded. The dresses, especially Kean's, were splendid and appropriate.

Boaden says that the Earl of Guilford esteemed Kemble's *Henry the Fifth* as the most perfect of his performances, and wrote an elegant essay upon its merits, which Mr. B. has in his possession.

* The first time!—Oh! Mr. Kean may well declare his memory is impaired.

TUESDAY, March 9.—*The National Guard*.—*A Day after the Wedding*.—*Charles the Twelfth*.

WEDNESDAY, March 10.—No performance.

THURSDAY, March 11.—*Past and Present*.

FRIDAY, March 12.—*A Selection of Ancient and Modern Music*.

SATURDAY, March 13.—*Past and Present*.—*The National Guard*.

MONDAY, March 15.—*Richard the Third*.—*The Brigand*.

Kean played some of the latter scenes of the tragedy in his usual animated style; but his pauses, always long, were protracted this evening to an almost ludicrous extent, and in several instances seemed to proceed from a total inanity of mind. At the conclusion he was called for, and made his bow, thanking the audience for the happiness they had conferred upon him. Mr. Wallack seemed rather *indisposed*, and could not articulate very plainly.

We recommend the directors of this theatre not to issue out their orders so indiscriminately. Had the shilling order system been put in practice, the dress circle could not have worn a more disreputable appearance. The house was indifferently attended, notwithstanding the great number of free admissions which must have been granted.

TUESDAY, March 16.—*Past and Present*.—*The National Guard*.

WEDNESDAY, March 17.—No performance.

THURSDAY, March 18.—*Masaniello*.—*My Wife! what Wife?*—*The Brigand*.

FRIDAY, March 19. *A Selection of Ancient and Modern Music*.

SATURDAY, March 20.—*Past and Present*.

MONDAY, March 22.—*Hamlet*.—*The Brigand*.

If Mr. Kean was anxious to destroy his well-earned reputation, he could not take more effectual means to accomplish his object. No sooner has he recovered from the storm of one defeat than he rushes on to another. The character of Hamlet is utterly unsuited to Mr. Kean's abilities, whether we regard his action, utterance, or deportment; for, by his sardonic smiles, and malignant sarcasm of manner, he turned the mild melancholy of the amiable Prince into the bitter misanthropy of Timon, while he deprived the magnificent soliloquies of their power and sublimity, by the unnatural changes of his voice. Why does not Mr. Kean imitate Garrick, and never so far forget his duty to an indulgent public or to himself, as to "act the Grecian cobbler, and go beyond his last?"

Mr. Harley mistakes the humour of the Grave-digger, which is of a dry sarcastic nature; while he degrades it to the silly buffoonery of Samson, Sinister, or Crack.—The house was tolerably well filled at half-price.

TUESDAY, March 23.—*Guy Mannering*; Terry.—*Popping the Question*, (first time).—*My Wife! What Wife?*

A Mr. Adamson, a pupil of Loder's, and, we understand, of very respectable connexions, made his *debut* as Henry Bertram. He possesses a highly-pleasing, melodious, and well-cultivated voice. His falsetto, in one or two instances, appeared very similar to Braham's. Mr. Adamson's appearance is prepossessing and gentlemanly; he was encored in most of his songs; and, at the conclusion, was loudly called for from all parts of the house. Madame Vestris played Julia Mannerling for the first time.

The new interlude is a silly trifle, but rendered amusing by the excellent acting of Mr. Farren, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Orger. The story is this:—Mr. Primrose, a neat old bachelor, "pops the question" to his ward Emily; but the young lady imagines he is merely giving his consent to her marriage with her lover Henry; and, under that impression, is profuse in her thanks. The happy Primrose then departs, to acquaint his two intimate friends, Miss Winterblossom and Miss Biffin, of his intended nuptials; but, by some mistake, each lady imagines he has been making them an offer, which circumstance gives rise to a very amusing scene between the two old maids, each requesting the other to officiate as bridesmaids. The mistake is cleared by Mr. Primrose, and the poor gentleman is in danger of having the strings of his ears cracked, when he is relieved by the entrance of Emily, who has returned from being married to "her Henry."

The dialogue is remarkably inoffensive. The only attempt at wit is Miss Winterblossom's declaration, that she will learn the piano, in order to make the honeymoon pass pleasantly. The piece was well received. The house was crowded to excess.

WEDNESDAY, March 24.—No performance.

THURSDAY, March 25.—*Masaniello*.—*Perfection; or the Lady of Munster*, (1st time).—*The Brigand*.

We have only time to observe, that the new farce, which is written by Mr. Bailey, was successful. Madame Vestris personates "Perfection," and "the cream of the jest" lies in frightening her intended with the idea that she wears a cork leg; but his fears are removed in the end by the lady declaring she has two cork legs, being a native of the county of Cork.

FRIDAY, March 26.—*A Grand performance of Ancient and Modern Music*.

COVENT GARDEN.

THURSDAY, February 25.—*The Gamester*; Moore.—*Teddy the Tiler*; Rodwell.—*Robert the Devil*; Raymond.

Miss Kemble appeared, for the first time, in the part of Mrs. Beverly; and in many scenes truly delighted us with her exhibition of the mild, amiable, confiding, and devoted wife, while she sustained the calm and *simple* dialogue of domestic scenes, with ease and elegance; and that settled and habitual melancholy which her condition might be supposed to create, was, throughout the whole, exquisitely

portrayed. But in the scene where Stukely boldly avows his guilty love we were disappointed; the passage, "Would that these eyes had heaven's own lightning, that with a look, thus, I might blast thee," was not delivered with that appalling and indignant energy which we think she was capable of displaying;* though her look and manner, when she informs Stukely that his absence would please her, was truly SIDDONIAN. Her shriek of joyful surprise, in the last scene, on seeing Lewson enter, had an electrical effect upon her auditors.

Mr. C. Kemble gave a faithful portraiture of a man disposed to be virtuous, but overpowered by a blind infatuation for a detestable passion, which, mastering his understanding, renders him the easy dupe of an artful villain. His acting, in the part where he rushes in from the gaming table, almost distracted by his losses, and upbraids Stukely with his conduct, was highly impassioned and just; and the agonies of a lingering death were represented in a manner terribly true to nature. Mr. Warde's Stukely was respectable, but savoured of his old fault, monotony, and want of passion. In his first soliloquy, the latter error was particularly glaring. Stukely here ascribes a nobler passion than avarice, for his spoliation of Beverly—*revenge*. He had loved his wife before he knew Beverly; but, "like a cringing coward, bowed at a distance, while he stept in and won her." "Never, never will I forgive him for it." The latter line, one would suppose, afforded a fine cue for passion and deep emotion; but Mr. Warde delivered it with as much *nonchalance*, as if he was meditating what he should order for dinner. Mr. Abbott's Lewson was tame and spiritless.—The applause bestowed on Miss Kemble was, in some instances, quite deafening.—The house was crowded to excess.

FRIDAY, February 26.—No performance.

SATURDAY, February 27.—*The Gamester*.

MONDAY, March 1.—*Venice Preserved*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.—In consequence of the illness of Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Abbott played Pierre.

TUESDAY, March 2.—*The Maid of Judah*; *Lacy*.—*The Husband's Mistake*.—Mr. Morley appeared as Cedric, and proved but an indifferent substitute for Phillips.

WEDNESDAY, March 3.—*A Grand Selection of Music*.

THURSDAY, March 4.—*The Gamester*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.

So great was the anxiety of the public to witness Miss Kemble's performance this evening, that 961 persons entered the pit at full price.

FRIDAY, March 5.—No performance.

SATURDAY, March 6.—*The Gamester*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

* The papers spoke very highly of this scene, but we were not present on the first night of her performing the character.

MONDAY, March 8.—*The Gamester*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

TUESDAY, March 9.—*The Maid of Judah*.—*A Husband's Mistake*.

WEDNESDAY, March 10.—*A Grand performance of Ancient and Modern Music*.

In the first part, "Martin Luther's Hymn" was performed, newly arranged by Mr. Hawes. The solo parts by Miss Paton, Mr. Miller, Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. Bennet, Mr. Goulden, and Mr. J. O. Atkins. It had not that solemn and religious effect upon the audience, as when sung by Mr. Braham. The selections at these performances are highly creditable to Mr. Hawes's judgment; but his company would be greatly improved by the addition of a good tenor singer, for Mr. Bennet's voice is not of sufficient compass for so large a theatre; and Mr. Machin, though some of his notes are powerful and rich, lacks experience. He is, however, the best male singer after Phillips. —The house was well attended at half-price.

THURSDAY, March 11.—*The Gamester*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

FRIDAY, March 12.—No performance.

SATURDAY, March 13.—*The Gamester*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

MONDAY, March 15.—*The Gamester*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

TUESDAY, March 16.—*Ninetta*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Giovanni in London*.

WEDNESDAY, March 17.—*The Oratorio of the Messiah*.

THURSDAY, March 18.—*The Gamester*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

FRIDAY, March 19.—No performance.

SATURDAY, March 20.—*The Gamester*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

MONDAY, March 22.—*The Gamester*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

TUESDAY, March 23.—*Ninetta*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*Robert the Devil*.

Bishop is the translator of the opera, and dedicated it, by permission, to Lady W. Lennox.

WEDNESDAY, March 24.—*A Grand performance of Ancient and Modern Music*.

The selections this evening were of a very varied and interesting description. They opened with a grand *Te Deum*, of Graun's, followed by a selection from *Oberon*. Mr. Miller sung the grand scena, "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight," but he does not possess sufficient volume of tone to give it full effect. Miss Cubitt was announced to sing "Oh! Araby! dear Araby!" but Mr. Hawes was obliged to declare to the audience that she was not in a *fit state* to appear before

them ; and that he had thought it best at once to state the fact. We admire Mr. Hawes's candour, and hope that directors and stage-managers will follow his example ; and instead of burdening their consciences by the invention of preposterous lies, "out with the naked truth." Mr. Hawes added, that Miss Somerville, in his dilemma, had kindly offered to sing Miss Cubitt's songs.—This young lady accordingly made her appearance, and gave the air "Oh ! Araby ! dear Araby ! with the most enchanting sweetness, delicacy, and purity of taste.—It was rapturously encored, as was also her "Angels ever bright and fair." This young lady, we prophesy, will hold an enviable station in the musical world ere long. Miss Paton gave the grand scena, "Ocean ! thou mighty monster," and executed the divisions and sub-divisions, with astonishing power and science. De Begnis made his first appearance this season, and sung his favourite aria buffa from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, with much humour and spirit.

The second part was Beethoven's sacred Oratorio of the *Mount of Olives*. The instrumental introduction is remarkably solemn and religious, and some of the choruses very fine, especially the double chorus, commencing, "Here seize him." Mr. Miller and Mrs. Atkinson, were the principal singers ; the former gave several passages with great feeling and taste. A grand miscellaneous act concluded the entertainments, which afforded great gratification to a numerous and highly respectable audience.

THURSDAY, March 25.—*The Merchant of Venice*.—*Teddy the Tiler*.—*High Life Below Stairs*.—For the benefit of Miss Fanny Kemble.

Miss F. Kemble played the part of Portia with great success ; and proved, by the correct delineation of the lighter scenes, that she is capable of sustaining a high rank in comedy. This was the character in which Mrs. Siddons made her debut to a London audience. Charles Kemble's Shylock was warmly applauded in several of the early scenes.—The house was crowded to excess.

FRIDAY, March 26.—No performance.

SURREY THEATRE.

SATURDAY, March 5.—A successful musical drama, from the pen of Moncrieff, entitled, *The Beggar of Cripplegate ; or, the Humours of Bluff King Hal*.

The interest of this piece lies in a gentleman, who had been unjustly accused of treason, assuming the disguise of a beggar, to escape from his enemies ; and, while thus situated, is enabled to save the life of his sovereign and prove his innocence. Some very pleasing music by Blewett, some picturesque scenery by Marshall, combined with the excellent acting and singing of Osbaldistone, Hunt, Vale, Williams, Miss Somerville, and Miss Vincent, render this drama a confirmed favourite.

MONDAY, March 22.—*Henry the 5th.*—King Henry, for this night only, Mrs. Egerton.—*Married Bachelor.*—*Wood Demon*, (for the benefit of Mrs. Egerton.)

COBURG THEATRE.

The Three Generations has been played every night during the past month.

Mrs. Burroughs personates Julian with great spirit and intelligence. We have seen this lady sustain a variety of tragic and comic characters successfully. Indeed, were it not for the defect of a slight lisp, we think she would hold a very prominent station on the boards.

Mr. Davidge plays the noble-hearted and faithful Larose with much power and feeling. M. Gouffé is performing here.

OLYMPIC.

Mr. H. W. Williams has produced a very successful and amusing entertainment, entitled, *Williams's Reminiscences*, which concludes with a monopolylogue, in which Mr. Wild personated eight characters, of a very opposite description, with ability.

ROYAL PANARMONION.

This theatre opened on the 1st of March, under the management of Signor Lanza, who, as a musical composer and dramatic instructor, is deservedly celebrated. The operas of *Artaxerxes*, the *Cabinet*, the *Haunted Tower*, &c. were alternately performed during the month by his pupils; and the manner in which they acquitted themselves fully sustained the credit of their master. Miss Osborne bids fair to take a high possession in the musical world; her voice is excellent, and her taste and judgment most correct. Miss Russell's playful acting and sweet voice have made her a confirmed favourite. Mrs. Lloyd possesses a rich, and evidently cultivated voice. A Miss O'Reilly personated Adela, in the *Haunted Tower*: as we were informed she was labouring under a strong feeling of timidity, we shall defer our criticism; it is but justice to this lady to say she is a most graceful and accomplished dancer. Mr. Healy, who sustained the leading characters in the operas, possesses some excellent stage qualities, such as a good person and fine voice, and we feel pleasure in congratulating him on a decided improvement we observed in his manner and style of acting, which, when we first saw him, did not please us. When talents such as he possesses, are accompanied by a becoming modesty of deportment, it is sure to win the suffrages of his audience; but a contrary bearing never can, and never ought to succeed. We cannot conclude without complimenting Mr. Pina on his delightful accompaniment in the quintet in *Artaxerxes*, also his accompaniment, on the flageolet and piano, to the "Mocking Bird," sung in sweet style by Miss Osborne, which was rapturously encored.

On TUESDAY, March 22, Mr. W. Vining, who is stage-manager and dramatic tutor, personated Hans Mokus, in *Of Age To-morrow*, with great judgment and humour; and Williams, as Baron Piffleberg, gave general satisfaction. The scenery of this theatre is very excellent, and highly creditable to Mr. Johnston, the artist.

REVIEW.

The Old English Drama.

THE object and the great advantages of this publication are so clearly stated in the prospectus, that little remains for us to say on the subject; save that we think, and indeed feel confident, that the very neat and expensive manner in which the numbers are got up, both as to printing and paper, will obtain for the proprietor an extensive sale; especially when we consider the very low price at which they are sold.—Three numbers have appeared: *Ralph Royster Doyster*, the earliest comedy in our language; *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which, until very lately, had been considered the primary comedy; and *Volpone*, one of the most ingenious, witty, and artfully conducted comedies in our language.

A Fantasia for the Flute and Pianoforte, by I. M. Ribas, in which is introduced the Scotch air of "Mary of Castle Cary." RUDDALL & ROSE.

This piece opens with an allegro, which is very brilliant, commencing in F major. Its modulations, though not numerous, are very pleasing; the chromatic passages are well placed. Mary of Castle Cary, though a beautiful, is a difficult air to set, being so much on the old method of minor key. We are glad to see a concerted piece, for generally we are fatigued with arpeggio accompaniments in flute or violin solos; without harmony, we have only to listen to the flute, and consider the accompaniment as a mere stop-gap. In this piece we find the arpeggio useful, and only introduced when necessary. Page 2, 12th bar, the chord of the seventh D tonic is well placed, and absolves itself into G; and also the grand sixth, in the following bar, reminds us of our famed Haydn.

"Charlie is my Darling," with Introduction and Variations for the Flute, arranged by Charles N. Weiss. RUDDALL & ROSE.

A composition in D minor; the first eight bars is a subject for the piano and flauto tacit, and terminates in imitation of the air. The double bar appears rather soon; the rest of the introduction is supported by the flute. The cadenza that terminates the air is showy; each variation bears a pause and a flourish, and ends by the air as tutti; it terminates by a rondo in D major, as finale.

M. Blasis, the author of the "Code of Terpsichore," one of the most scientific, interesting, and ingenious works, that has ever appeared on the subject of dancing in this or any other country, and which has obtained the highest eulogies from several of the literary journals, has resolved to give private lessons in dancing; and, we think those who are desirous of becoming *proficients* in the art, will be glad of the event, as it is almost superfluous to say, no person can be better calculated for the office.

Mr. R. Cruickshank, by his admirable drawings for this publication, and spirited sketches to Cumberland's plays, has so connected himself with the Drama, that we are enabled to afford him that meed of approbation which we are prevented paying to other works, not immediately connected with the stage. We make this observation, from having just been looking at some very humorous and intelligent designs, prefixed to a poem, entitled, "*Steamers versus Stages*."

MISCELLANIES.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

MACKLIN.

THIS eccentric and talented veteran, when upwards of 100 years old, being present at a convivial party, where his great age, and the many alterations he must have noticed, formed the subject of conversation, exclaimed, "O Lord, Sirs, I remember so many changes in human affairs, that in some families, and those, too, pretty numerous, I have almost lost the power of tracing them by descent. An odd circumstance happened a few years ago upon this subject. A party of Irish gentlemen, who had come over here in the parliamentary vacation, asked me to sup with them. I did so, Sir, and we all got very jolly together; insomuch, that one of them was so drunk, that I made a point of taking him on my back, and carrying him down stairs, in order to be put into his chair. The next day the gentleman waited on me, and expressing his civilities, said, he was sorry I should take so much unnecessary trouble—here, Sirs, I stopped him short, by telling him, one reason I had for carrying him on my back was, that I carried either his father or his grandfather the same way, *fifty years* ago, when he was a student of the Middle Temple." "Very true, Sir," said the other, "I remember my father often telling it as a family story, but you are mistaken a little in point of genealogy, it was my *great grandfather* that you did that kindness for."

BEN JONSON.

THIS poet was very ingenious in the mode he used for flattering himself, by introducing a kind of chorus, wherein he takes occasion to tell his hearers, that "careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident his plays shall super-please judicious spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the rest by example, or otherwise." It is remarkable that this passage should be found in his *Magnetic Lady*, and that he should speak with such confidence of one of his worst productions, as if determined to force a bad comedy upon the hearers by the authority of his own recommendation. This is an evident imitation of Aristophanes, who, in his comedy of *The Clouds*, holds the same language to his audience, fairly telling them "he shall estimate their judgment according to the degree of applause they shall bestow upon his performance then before them." In conclusion, he inveighs against certain of his contemporaries, Eupolis, Phrynicus, and Hermippus, "with whose comedies, if any one of his audience is well pleased, that person he hopes will depart from his, dissatisfied: but if they condemn his rivals, and applaud him, he shall think the better of their judgment for the future."—Act I. Scene 2.

DOWTON, AS MRS. MALAPROP.

A CORRESPONDENT has requested us to insert the following:

"A curious scene was presented at Drury Lane on the 28th of April, 1816. Dowton took the *Rivals* for his benefit, in which he made an exchange of parts with Mrs. Sparkes, the lady playing Sir Anthony Absolute, and Dowton Mrs. Malaprop. Leaving out of consideration the utter absurdity of the thing, at which, as orthodox critics, we of

course felt extremely scandalized, we avow that we never saw any thing more highly laughable. Dowton, in particular, was irresistibly amusing, and the audience throughout the play were in convulsions of mirth. The scene wherein Captain Absolute reads the abusive letter, beggared all description. Mrs. Sparkes, in breeches, appeared a mere hop o' my thumb, but acted most ludicrously; we shall never forget her 'dam'me if ever I call you Jack again.'"

SENSIBILITY; A REMARKABLE INSTANCE.

THERE are very few instances on record of actors or actresses, upon whom the recitation of a very pathetic speech had so powerful an effect, as to cause a flood of tears to "bedew their cheeks." Mrs. Pritchard's great sensibility sometimes choked all the fine powers of that eminent mistress of the art of acting. Such, also, was the case with Mr. Powell. Mr. Lee Lewis, noticing this extreme sensibility, relates the following strange anecdote: "There was an actor of the name of Dunn, who never went on in a tragic character, let the night be ever so cold, but his face was all bedewed with sweat, and the farther he proceeded in the part, the more disagreeable he made it to the audience; as from every pore in his face alone, drop succeeded drop, till sometimes the stage was perceptibly wet with his unaccountable perspiration. This actor played with Whitely one season, and that sarcastic manager, whenever he cast Mr. Dunn a tragic part, used waggishly to say he was giving him a sudorific. But the great misfortune of poor Dunn was, whatever pains he took to look his part properly, he was sure to have the marks of the Indian ink obliterated from his countenance, by the torrents that ran down while he was squeezing out his words. The tyrant, Richard, was sure to lose the tip that had been made on his chin, as well as his formidable whiskers, &c. &c. Yet, when he represented Falstaff, and many such parts, a drop never started from him, even in mid-summer.

PALMER, AND THE TRAGEDY OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

ON the first night of this tragedy, Palmer had (what was to him by no means an unfrequent occurrence) totally neglected to study the words of the part; and, in this dilemma, he bethought himself of an expedient, which answered astonishingly, and, indeed, by the audience, was never suspected.—As much of *Lord John Russell* as was unlearned on the night of its performance, he thought it was better to speak from some character that he did know, than one that he did not; whenever, therefore, he felt himself at a loss, he dexterously introduced some passages from the *Earl of Essex*, which he contrived to fit into the cues received in *Lord John Russell*; and thus, really giving some parts, and masking others, he gained another day to perfect himself in the character. It will be remembered, that to his audience this play was completely new, and while the dialogue was in progress, and not seemingly irrelevant, there was no means of detection.

AUTHORS IN THE DAYS OF SHAKSPEARE.

THE price paid by the managers for a new play was twenty nobles, or 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; for which consideration the author sur-

rendered all property whatever in the piece. If, as was sometimes the case, the play was not absolutely purchased by the theatre, the poet looked for remuneration from the profits of a third night's representation, the precarious produce of the sale of his play, when published at sixpence a copy, and the hard-earned fee of forty shillings, for an adulatory dedication to a patron. The sums given for the alteration of old plays varied extremely, and were, doubtless, regulated by the quantity of new matter furnished and the success attendant upon the revival: as little as ten shillings was sometimes paid, and the highest remuneration was short of what was given for a new play.

Dramatic writers were, therefore, generally poor: they were bound to theatrical managers, either by favours past, existing debts, or the perpetual dread of one day needing their assistance. Their wants often compelled them to solicit, nay, their very existence appears sometimes to have depended on, advances on the embryo productions of their brains; and the labours of to-day were devoted to cancel the obligations which the necessities of yesterday had contracted. It is truly pitiable to find the great Ben Jonson soliciting from Shenstowe the advance of a sum so paltry as *five shillings*.

J. J. B.

MR. PRICE.

WE understand that this gentleman has been compelled, through the want of funds, to resign the management of the theatre into the hands of the committee. There is a just, and much hacknied expression, *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis est*, which we quote in this instance, because, as Mr. Price is now defunct, as far as regards the drama, we ought not to say any thing which may be taken as unkind or illiberal. Mr. Price was an enterprising manager, in one sense of the word; he aimed and succeeded in collecting together a large body of stars; but having obtained them, he did not possess the art of turning their strength to advantage; and, unfortunately, his stage-manager stood in the same predicament; for, though his bill glittered with the names of Liston, Young, and Madame Vestris, what opportunity have they had of distinguishing themselves? Mr. Price's losses, therefore, should be a warning to those who take a theatre merely on speculative motives; who, unqualified for the undertaking, rely on the judgment of the stage-manager or others. What can more attestate the inefficiency of Mr. Price's powers, than being obliged to allow a person a yearly salary to *read* all the new plays for him? Would Garrick, Harris, Foote, and Colman, have enjoyed handsome incomes from the theatre, if they had been unable to *read* the dramas offered them? Their success arose from being so perfectly conversant with the duties of their station, that, when any young aspirant to theatrical laurels offered his writings, they could afford such hints and information, as to considerably enhance the author's success.

It has not yet transpired who is likely to succeed Mr. Price. We advise the fortunate gentleman to attend a little to the present salaries of some of the actors; for they have been so nourished and petted

by the public, and they carry their overbearing insolence and conceit to such a pitch, that the salary paid to Mr. Garrick would not suffice a third-rate strutter of the present day.

The following is a list of the salaries of some of the late manager's stars: nightly—Mr. Kean, 60*l.*; Madame Vestris, 25*l.*; Mr. Liston, 25*l.*: weekly—Mr. W. Farren, 35*l.*; Mr. Jones, 35*l.*; Mr. Wallack, 35*l.*; Mr. Harley, 30*l.*

The expenses of Drury Lane, and Covent Garden, nightly, without the stars, are estimated at 200*l.*; whereas in 1765, (not much above sixty years ago) the disbursements of Drury Lane were under 70*l.* At that period, the companies were composed of 160 performers; among whom we find the following celebrated names. We annex their salaries, that our readers may compare them with the above.

Mr. Garrick, leader of the company, 2*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* nightly; Mr. Barry, the most celebrated enactor of Othello that ever trod the boards, and his no less gifted wife, had 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for their joint exertions; John Palmer and his wife, 2*l.*—his Stukely, and Surface, have ever been considered as unrivalled; King, the matchless Sir Peter Teazle, and Lord Ogleby, 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; Parsons, who never could be surpassed in genuine humour, received the same stipend; Mrs. Cibber, 2*l.* 10*s.*; Mrs. Pritchard, 2*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*—these ladies were justly celebrated in the highest walks of tragedy. Miss Pope, who as a chamber-maid shone beyond all competition, 13*s.* 4*d.*; Signor Gustinelli, the principal singer, 1*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*; and Signor Grimaldi and his wife, who officiated as dancers, 1*l.* "Look upon *that* picture and on *this*."

WE are requested by a Mr. Thackery, to inform our readers, that the *Fire-Fiend*; or, the *Castle of Sunderwald*, now playing at the Cobourg, is an adaptation from *Nain de Sunderwald*, by T. T. Thackery, Esq., produced with great success at the Cirque Olympique à Paris.—Leach, the dwarf, made his debut to a Parisian audience in the same piece.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

EDINBURGH.

Feb. 27.--It has for a long period formed a fine object of miserable cant, that the Modern Athens has the most delicate perception of, and taste for dramatic representations, of any metropolis in Europe; but if any thing were wanting to prove the *prima facie* absurdity of such an assertion, it is furnished by the present state of attendance at the theatre. The manager has announced that he has revived several standard plays, and every bill shows that he has kept his word. Young, Vandenhoff, and Miss Jarman, act together, and are well supported, and the house is as empty as the heads of those blockheads who keep away. It is not

the rabble, or the respectables of the under class of society that display this unequivocal indication of their utter destitution of any thing like taste, thought, or feeling. It is the boxes alone that are uniformly empty, when there is any thing classical or truly intellectual to be exhibited. But the plain corollary from such flattering premises is, that Mr. Murray is fully warranted in bringing forward the trash with which the rational part of the audience have been so long nauseated; and that he is entitled entirely to abandon the slightest attempt at producing any thing that is truly worth representation.

Mr. Young's Iago it is almost a work of supererogation to criticise. It lives in the memory of all who ever beheld it. The conception is in the highest degree happy and correct. It is completely stamped with individuality. The plodding, cunning, passionless, plain-spoken villain, is finely embodied in this delightful representation. Every thought, look, word, and action, forms a part of the harmonious whole.

Vandenhoff performs Othello in a manner that entitles him to the highest praise. His figure, voice, and general style of action, all concur in qualifying him for the representation of the noble Moor. He preserved that calm and simple dignity which neither Kean's figure, nor general habits of performing, fit him for delineating with success.

Miss Jarman's Desdemona was very much above mediocrity.

March 15th. — Mr. Wilson made his first appearance in the part of Henry Bertram: his voice is a tenor of the finest quality; pure, mellow, full-toned, and cultivated in a high degree; and his intonation is most correct. He was encored in every song. The most effective were, "The spot where I was born," a very pretty ballad by Barnett, and the "Pirate's Serenade" by Mr. John Thomson. The last song in particular was sung with great feeling and energy, and was indebted more to the singer than its own merits for its favourable reception by the audience.

CALEDONIAN THEATRE.—Since the opening of this establishment, thanks to Mr. Bass, its enterprising manager, we have been regaled with a nocturnal libation of excellent music. Corri's Rooms, now modernized into the Caledonian Theatre, is consecrated to us by some of our earliest and proudest musical recollections; and last, though not least, as the spot which Pasta selected to reveal to our admiring countrymen her transcendent vocal and histrionic talent.

X. Y. Z.

NEWCASTLE.

To the Editor of the Dramatic Magazine.

About the date, January 13th, of my last epistle, Mr. Vandenhoff was engaged for a limited period. He sustained Cato and King Lear to bare five pound houses; but his appearance in Othello brought with it a little more hard cash, whilst his novelties for his benefit, on the 18th, exhibited still further improvement in this respect. He announced for the occasion a grand *Shakspearean* *Gala*, presenting his own personations of William Shakspeare, Hamlet, Shylock,

Coriolanus, and Petruchio, in the several pieces of *Shakspeare's Early Days*, (first time here), third act of *Hamlet*, fourth act of the *Merchant of Venice*, fifth act of *Coriolanus*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*. He was supported during his stay by Mr. George Gray in Edgar, Syphax, Iago, and Tullus Aufidius, with considerable effect; and upon the whole, Mr. Vandenhoff's exertions have given complete satisfaction to every spectator. I am inclined to think, that a perspective promise of his eventually becoming a favourite here, is held out, when he shall be better known on future occasions.

Mr. T. P. Cooke has been here more recently: he opened on the 8th of this month in *Black-eyed Susan* (first time here), and *Monsieur Tonson*; and although he was announced to sustain his usual variety of parts, Michael (*Adopted Child*), Long Tom Coffin (*Pilot*), and Philip (*Luke the Labourer*), such was the increasing attraction of his William and the Brigand (in the *Brigand*, also first time here), that those two were continuously repeated together five nights out of seven. What a happy progress in the short space of three years has Mr. Cooke made in the estimation of the Newcastle play-goers! When here in 1827, announced for four nights, he only appeared thrice, in the *Pilot*, *Luke the Labourer*, and the *Flying Dutchman*, to very thin audiences. "Look on that picture, and on this." He now comes before us with all the important precedence of the loud sounding note of a London press and a London audience, in his great-hit parts in *Black-eyed Susan*, the *Red Rover*, &c. and crowded audiences follow in his train. They are a cautious set of people here, however, and Cooke opened on his first night to a twenty-four pound house; but the repetition of his characters brought rapidly increasing receipts, and on his benefit he exhibited the *Red Rover*, *Los Studio*, and *Black-eyed Susan*, to a bumper, crammed in every part. So great was the disappointment of many unable to obtain admission, that the managers induced him, notwithstanding the near approach of his engagement in Dublin, to repeat the entire entertainment on the succeeding night, which he did, on Tuesday evening, February 16th, to an excellent house.

Mr. Charles Young, after an absence of many years from these boards, commenced an engagement for three nights on the Wednesday following. He appeared in *Hamlet*, to a respectable but

scanty audience, and has since sustained Rienzi and the Gamester.

Mr. George Gray, who had already cut a good figure in the Prince of Denmark, condescended, if we may use such an expression, to the Ghost and Stukely, but in most other respects this noble tragedian was badly supported here.

February 20, 1830.

A. D.

GLASGOW.

Feb. 27.—Miss Fanny Ayton has been playing here during the week with Thorne. In her case, fame, instead of exaggerating, has kept far within the bounds of reality. She certainly is the most finished female vocalist I have ever heard. As an actress, her attractions are almost equal—in light comedy I should suppose her equal—to any actress on the stage. Her Susanna, in the *Marriage of Figaro*, is a perfect gem. Miss Ayton is not merely distinguished as an actress and a singer; her literary attainments are considerable. She has translated, I understand, MacKenzie's beautiful tale of "Julia de Roubigne" into Italian, which Rogers has pronounced to be close and elegant, and which I hope will be given to the public.

J. P.

DUBLIN.

Monday—*Virginius* and *Black-eyed Susan*.

Virginius, which has, owing to the superior talents and powerful energies of Mr. Macready, been honoured with the name of "tragedy," was represented. Mr. Knowles, the author, wrote for the individual, not for the public; and when Mr. Macready retires from the stage, there is an end of such bombast and commonplace productions as Mr. S. Knowles has given to the world in his dramatic work. Perfect in his declamation, and possessing musically modulated undertones peculiarly his own, the nonsense put into his mouth ceases to be offensive; and such a passage as the following, which we take up at random from *Virginius*, is not only not disgusting, but almost escapes observation:

When Lucius says,

"Justice will be defeated,"

Virginius replies,

"Who says that?"

She is in the face of the gods! she is immutable,

Immaculate, and immortal! and though all

The guilty globe should blaze, she will spring up

Through the fire, and soar above the crackling pile,

With not a downy feather ruffled by its fierceness."

The very essence of metaphor consists in the likeness of things one to the other, and their obvious and unstrained similitude: and hence the so frequent use of this rhetorical figure in rude and savage nations, because to a great extent it is the language of nature. But here we have Justice a bird, a full-fledged bird with downy feathers, and the world forming part of a "pile" of course of other worlds "crackling" as though so many logs of wood were heaped together; and yet Mr. Macready recited this rank nonsense with an effect that produced him thunders of applause. We never saw him act better than he did throughout the whole of Monday night, bating perhaps something of tameness in his two first scenes. Miss Smithson had little opportunity of display in Virginia. All that she had to do she did well. Mr. T. P. Cooke has been very successful in William. The pantomime of *Harlequin Cock Robin* was got up here but did not meet with much success—Paulo, Ellar, Sutton, &c.

LIVERPOOL.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, March 13.

—Crowded audiences have continued to assemble here nightly, and to depart topfull of gratification. During the present week, though, the performances have been the same as in the preceding, with the addition of a romantic melodrama, called *The Guerilla Chief and his Daughters*; in which Mrs. W. Barrymore sustained the principal female character in her usual animated style.

March 22d.—The performances announced for Monday evening, for the benefit of Mr. Ducrow, comprise an assurance of excellence so far surpassing the previous exhibitions of the season, that they cannot fail to elicit, in an overflowing audience, a grateful tribute to the commanding talent and successful exertions of that unrivalled and inimitable equestrian.

LIVER-STREET THEATRE.—A little piece, under the fearful appellation of the *Mine of Blood*, commenced the last week's campaign, and afforded some little opportunity for the exertion of Raymond and Miss Penley's talents in the melo-dramatic.

BRISTOL.

March 18.—On Monday evening, Mr. Kean, jun. commenced his engagement in the character of Richard III. Through the performance of this gentleman there occasionally flashes a spark or two of his father's meteoric power, whom he also

sometimes strongly resembles in expression of features; but we cannot congratulate him on any chance of ever attaining his father's fame.

HULL.

On the night of the 20th ult. being the last night of performance, Mr. Cummins (late of this city) addressed the audience, and took his leave of them. In that address he stated, that 2,300*l.* would not make good the loss he had sustained by the engagement during thirteen months, and that the estimate was exclusive of the services of himself and Mrs. Cummins.

HALIFAX.

This theatre closed on Monday evening, March 1st. The entertainments were for the benefit of the manager, when we were glad to see an overflowing house. At the end of the play, Mr. Hazelton came forward and delivered (as near as we could collect) the following address:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am requested by Mr. Manly (who I grieve to say is suffering under severe indisposition), to convey to you his acknowledgments for the patronage which the theatre has been honoured with during the season: and though his success has not been such as to secure him from loss, yet this he solely attributes to the great depression of the times, and not to any declension in that liberal feeling he has for so many years experienced from the public of Halifax. The theatre will now close till the 26th of December, when he will make such arrangements for your amusement as, he hopes, will entitle him to a continuance of that support, which it will ever be his most anxious study to deserve.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Manly and the company in general, wishing you all health, happiness and prosperity till we meet again, I most respectfully bid you farewell."

Mr. Hazelton was warmly applauded on leaving the stage, and the evening's entertainments concluded to the general satisfaction.

BATH.

Mr. Young commenced his engagement of six nights in the part of Hamlet to a crowded and fashionable audience. On Wednesday he performed Macbeth; Friday, Rienzi—(Claudia, Miss Taylor); Saturday, Penruddock; Monday, the 22d, King Lear; Tuesday, Zanga; Thursday, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant.

His engagement has been very successful.

The following elegant, profound, and judicious critique on Young's Hamlet, written by a gentleman who remembered Garrick's, appeared in the *Bath Herald*. We recommend it to the attentive perusal of our readers:—"His personation of it has not the elaborate finish—the studied minutiae—the pomp and circumstance of princely bearing, with which the late John Kemble invested it; neither perhaps in those intrinsic qualities which belong to the character, 'as the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' can he successfully compete with his surviving brother's; but in my opinion, Mr. Young is more successful than either in his portraiture of Hamlet as Shakspeare meant it—the refined, the contemplative moralist;—the sudden impulsive enthusiast, and at the same time the slave and sport of consequences;—ever resolving, as constantly irresolute;—the enthusiast of the moment one day, vacillating and infirm of purpose the next. To reconcile these anomalies to the general level of popular feeling and comprehension, and to present the picture to the public eye as an harmonious whole, is the prerogative only of rare and pre-eminent talent. Several years have now elapsed since I first witnessed Mr. Young's Hamlet, and I can truly say, that often as I have been gratified with it, I never was more so than on Monday last. The *vis viva* of his more early delineations is in some degree subsided, but it is exchanged for more apposite qualities;—qualities more consonant with the tone and spirit of the character, and more reconcilable with its natural and unstudied development. The acute and discriminating observer will recognise in Mr. Young's present portrait of Hamlet, a keeping and a consistency even in the apparent discrepancies of the character."

The writer then proceeds to point out certain beauties, which we do not transcribe, as every real lover of the drama is acquainted with them.

Teddy the Tiler has been played here with great success: Teddy, Mr. Montague, who possesses an astonishing versatility of talent.

EXETER.

March 13.—Mr. Kean, jun. appears at our theatre on Monday as Sir Edward Mortimer. *The Brigand* is to be got up here with great splendour.

YORK.

This theatre opened on Monday the 20th, under the management of Mr.

Butler, manager of the Sheffield theatre. The performances were *The Bride of Lammermuir* and *All at Coventry*.

FALMOUTH.

A Mr. Keppell's acting is very highly spoken of in the parts of William Tell and Hamlet. In the latter character he is said to have displayed much firmness;

for though there were not thirty people in the theatre, yet he performed with as much energy as if three hundred had been present.

MANCHESTER.

On Monday the 20th, Miss F. H. Kelly appeared as Juliet; and on Tuesday, Liston played Tony Lumpkin.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRICAL FUND FESTIVAL.

On Friday, March 12, the Fourteenth Anniversary Festival of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund was celebrated at Freemasons' Hall; the Duke of Clarence in the chair. The Duke of Sussex sent a message, regretting his inability to attend. After the cloth was removed, and *Non Nobis Domine* sung by a numerous party of professional gentlemen,

The Royal Chairman proposed his Majesty's health, at the same time handing over to the Treasurer his Majesty's annual donation of 100 guineas to the Society.

After some other Toasts had been given, the Royal Chairman called the attention of the company to the business for which they were assembled; and in proposing "The Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, and success to it," explained its nature and objects with evidently a strong feeling for its success. His Royal Highness also evinced his desire to promote the good cause by a subscription of 50*l*.

Mathews, who had come from Manchester to be present at the Festival, after the applause with which the toast was received had subsided, sung the Fund Song with all his own humour, and with the following addition:—

"I commenced with a high parliamentary tone—
I'll take a few words just by way of a loan;
In another place said, by an Illustrious Field Marshal,
I'm happy to say 'our distress is but partial.'"

The applause was immense, and the *encore*, led by the Royal Chairman, universal.

The Duke of St. Alban's proposed "The health of the Royal Chairman." The toast was drunk with long continued applause.

The Royal Chairman expressed his acknowledgments; and proposed, "The

Vice-Presidents." The toast being drunk with due honour, the Duke of St. Alban's, on behalf of the Vice-Presidents, acknowledged the compliment in appropriate terms.

The Royal Chairman next proposed, "The health of the Treasurer of the Fund, Mr. Fawcett," which was drunk with cheering long and loud.

Mr. Fawcett, in making his acknowledgments, took a view of the origin, progress, and state of the Fund, which was established in 1765, and, after fifty years' existence, in 1815 produced an income something under 400*l*. a year; but has since advanced with such increasing munificence, that now the income amounts to 1,200*l*. a year, and the annuities paid to near 1,000*l*, in pensions of 33*l*. up to 80*l*. per annum; and it was his ambition and his hope to see these annuities considerably increased [applause].

The Chairman next gave "The Proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, and prosperity to the Establishment."

Mr. Charles Kemble acknowledged the compliment, and trusted the Establishment and the Fund would always prosper under the patronage of their Illustrious Chairman.

Mr. Mathews sang a new song, founded on the Lord Mayor's Show, which produced immense laughter.

His Royal Highness then stated that it was with feelings of peculiar pride and gratification he announced that the subscription just handed to him was no less than 1,223*l*. [great applause].

The Royal Chairman then gave "The Trustees of the Fund," [drunk with great applause].

Mr. Fawcett returned thanks.

The Chairman next proposed "The health of Miss Fanny Kemble," which was drunk with immense applause.

Mr. Kemble, with great feeling, made his acknowledgments for the kindness of the company.

Her Grace the Duchess of St. Alban's sent a 50*l*. note.

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MRS WAYLETT,
AS ELIZABETH.

Engraved for the Dramatic Magazine.